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THEIR AUGUST VICTIM.

IT WILL be hard to convince the world that Europe's conflict has not killed the Pope. History will doubtless so have it.

And what more likely? An old man broken in body, carrying vast spiritual cares, could hardly fail to receive a terrible shock from the sudden plunge of Christian kingdoms into savage wars and death struggles.

Pius X. has been a singularly peaceful Pontiff—a simple, kindly man, bearing great burdens and responsibilities with earnestness and patience. He will be remembered as the last Pope of the older Europe—the Pope of Peace who outlived his era and died broken-hearted when Christendom went mad.

GREED OVERREACHES ITSELF.

PUBLICITY and the promise of prompt prosecution have checked the shameful boosting of food prices in this city under cover of war in Europe. Concerted action on the part of the Mayor, the various food committees, the Commissioner of Weights and Measures, the District-Attorney's office, the police, and New York housewives themselves, has brought wholesalers and retailers sharply to their senses. Prices that are unduly high drop with a rush under the threat of criminal action.

According to Produce Exchange figures there were yesterday 1,961,000 bushels of wheat in Manhattan and Brooklyn warehouses. The usual average in the past two years has been 1,000,000 bushels. Does this sound like famine?

Two hundred and twenty-two thousand barrels of flour have come into the city since Aug. 8. Only 95,000 barrels have been exported. New York has already on hand flour enough to last a month even if no more comes in. Why then has the price of flour steadily risen?

While investigators demand answers to these questions from those who are responsible for the rise of prices, they at the same time uncover facts about the cost of food in this city that will be of permanent value to New Yorkers. As a result of expert investigation on the part of the Manhattan Borough Market Commission, Borough President Marks declares:

"As soon as the \$42,000 appropriated by the Board of Estimates for market centres is available the prices of fresh vegetables, fruit, meat, fish and other household commodities will be reduced to a figure never before reached in the history of the Greater City."

The greed of the conspirators and flibustiers who organize a war on the pocketbooks of New York consumers defeats itself. It does more. It prompts a serious and permanent readjustment of food distribution throughout the city. Which is a consummation long and devoutly desired.

INDISPENSABLE WALL STREET!

WALL STREET had lean days before the war came. Now the brokers have little but their office furniture to remind them that they are brokers at all. No sales; no commissions, no income from business and no idea when the clouds will lift! The New York Stock Exchange is almost certain to remain closed as long as the London Exchange is inactive. When the latter will open no man can tell. Meanwhile Wall street is living on its savings and dreading that it may get down to the last penny before anything turns up.

One feature of the situation is worthy of note. Wall street always wanted us to believe that the moment it was upset the whole financial condition of the country was bound to be upset too.

Wall street has been practically boarded up for three weeks. Yet the rest of the country is plodding cheerfully about its affairs. Banks are open for business. Credit managers to satisfy its needs. Money still circulates.

Amid all its misfortunes the bitterest pill for Wall street to swallow must be this convincing demonstration that the country can do without it.

BRING ON THE COLD WAVE.

Frosts are reported in Yellowstone Park and a cold wave from the Northwest is headed for New York. May nothing divert or discourage it. Not that this summer's heat has been extraordinarily intense. On the contrary the season thus far has been pretty tolerable and even the humidity of the last few days might have been worse.

But we need a cold wave. The news from Europe is too much of a strain to endure in warm weather. A good many heads in this city need cooling. The kind of personal neutrality the President asks for thrives better when breezes are blowing and blood flows at normal temperatures. War on the scale now current is heating even at great distances. Let us pray for cool weather and an early fall.

The Story of the Franco-Prussian War

No. 10—Fall of Paris.

FOR weeks the Germans surrounding Paris had been bombarding the stricken and starving city. Houses everywhere lay in ruins. Daily the bursting shells strewed the streets with dead. Yet Paris held out against the enemy; held out, fought tirelessly—and joked.

State, and horses, the wild animals in the zoo, plant roots, garbage—all were used for food, when nothing better was left. The winter was bitterly cold. There was no way of getting fuel into the city. Furniture, unheated, clappedboards, shingles and shade trees were used for firewood.

Desperate sorties were made against the besieging foe, citizens volunteered eagerly to swell the ranks of the beleaguered defenders. Again and again they rushed out against the Germans, only to be sent back into the

city again with terrible losses. Armies were raised elsewhere in France for the relief of Paris. Garibaldi himself led a body of Italian patriots to the stricken city's aid. But the Germans met and drove back each of the relief forces before they could reach the capital.

When the siege began there were 400,000 men under arms in Paris—largely recruits and militia, and at that time only 250,000 Germans had arrived on the scene.

The full bombardment began on Dec. 17 and continued unbrokenly. The defenders made their last and most disastrous sortie on Jan. 19. Then they belatedly realized that hope was at an end, and on Jan. 28 the garrison capitulated.

Starved, beaten, helpless, the city lay at the conquerors' mercy. Everywhere came much needed supplies of food, London alone contributing \$500,000 worth of provisions.

The final scene of the war was at hand. (To Be Continued.)

A War Map

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By Robert Minor



The Jarr Family—

by
Roy McKendell.

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USUAL procedure of dancing for a cup at such places as Cheese Hill Inn is a simple thing.

In the event here chronicled James Smith, merchant prince, had brought the cup to the place secretly and bribed the head waiter so that the judges of the contest would award the cup to Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith.

Complications came when Mr. George Lushford, better known as "Diamond George," one of Broadway's most widely worshipped wine agents, had appeared at Cheese Hill Inn with Miss Marie Montresor, an agile wench who devoted her fair young life to "sharpshooting," that is, capturing prize cups in dance gardens and road-house contests.

To those who know nothing of the ways and customs of the Land of Orientations West, it may be here stated that in the Spending World, whose main street is always the Gay White Way, a wine agent is a superior being and a "wine party" is a sacred function.

Hence, with Mr. Lushford, wine agent, "buying wine ad lib," of the brand he boasted, and Mr. James Smith, buying a rival wine, and Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, with Mr. Jarr as her unfortunate dancing partner, pitted against Miss Marie Montresor, the head waiter was in a dilemma as to whom to hand the cup. The

judges of the contest were only men of straw to do the head waiter's bidding, so it would seem that before long a pleasure party would be on the rocks, at Cheese Hill Inn.

In his dilemma the head waiter looked for the manager and the proprietor, but at the first sign of war all along the line—the entrance of the rival wine party—the manager and the proprietor had taken to the latter's auto and were now on their way to another roadhouse.

Under normal circumstances the head waiter at Cheese Hill Inn would have had the cup awarded to the party buying the most wine before the contest and who naturally would buy the most to fill the cup and pass it around after their lady champion had won it.

But now this simple situation was complicated by the fact that one party was led by a wine agent and the other party had secretly furnished the cup, or at least the head of the one

party, Mr. James Smith, had called it, and as it was the fourth time Mr. Jarr had to get up and dance, that gentleman was in a state of perspiring collapse.

But Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith was dancing in high heels, and short vamp shoes that would have tortured any one not of the female species to wear. Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith wore also the tightest of modish skirts, and, in confidence, the lady was tightly laced. Hence she danced on and on to the strident ragtime tunes as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

By the fourth round of the dance contest—Mr. Jarr would have called it "heat"—all other contestants, save Miss Montresor and her partner, and Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jarr, had been "picked," that is, diplomatically invited out of the contest, by the judges.

After the fifth round, the judges now announced a brief respite to allow the musicians to get their second wind, and in this recess Mr. Jarr got opportunity to whisper a brief entreaty and to slip some legal tender to Louis, the assistant head waiter.

Then the music struck up again and Mr. Jarr dragged his weary limbs to the firing line once more.

Suddenly Mrs. Mudridge-Smith gave a piercing shriek. "Some one has stolen the cup!" she cried.

According to the London Sketch, from which the accompanying illustration is reproduced, Mlle. Kostio takes all her dolls with her, it is said, when she travels, and looks after them all herself, dressing them and giving them a bath every morning. Later, she takes those who have been good for a walk in the Bois. Her collection of dolls, shown in this picture, has been gathered together from various couples.

Doll Craze Has Struck Paris



PARIS has taken to playing with dolls. The Pomeranian and Pekingese dogs, the Caniches, the Angora cats, Oulittis and the myriad other Parisian pets of past years seem doomed to temporary oblivion, while the doll takes their place in feminine hearts.

Not among the children but among grown-ups has the fashion sprung to life. Mlle. Kostio, of the Theatre Michel, is credited with starting the fad.

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Soon as You Learn WHAT Happened
You May Guess HOW It Happened

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I am sorry to say that J. J. is suffering from a case of petty jealousy. If a woman were to take such small exception as to which should be HER turn at her own table board I imagine J. J. would be the first one to say: "Just like a woman!"

Women always get the credit of choosing little things to be grumpy about, but evidently there are men who find fault with trivial things, and make mountains out of molehills.

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Bachelor Girl.
Ballads—
By
HELEN ROWLAND.

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Song of a Week-End Wooco.

O H, will you be my true-love, all the long, sweet day?
Oh, will you stroll beside me, where the wild winds play,
And the lilacs dream and languish, and the willows k
and sigh—
And when the week-end's over—WILL YOU SAY "GOODBY"?

Oh, will you be my true-love, in the glowing light,
And wander through the dew, Love, in the silver night,
In starlight, and in moonlight, and in the sunset-glow—
And when the week-end's over—WILL YOU LET ME GO?

Oh, will you be my true-love, while the moon-flowers gleam?
We'll sail through silver waters, in a golden dream—
And when the week-end's over, and I come no more to you,
Will you kindly just remember—that you STRUNG ME, TOO?

Taking the Count.

I HAVE read every beautiful "uplift" thing,
I have followed the "Don't Worry" cult;
I've pretended to smile, and tried to sing,
Without the slightest result.

I know that the world is all "sweetness and light,"
And I'm trying my best to "enthuse";
But, somehow, nothing on earth seems right
To ME—for I've got the BLUES!

I am bored and lonely, and out of gear,
And I HATE the new styles in hair;
And these I-see-you, peek-a-boo clothes, this year,
I was never designed to wear.

I've a cold in the head, and a sunburned nose;
So talk all the "cheer-up" you choose!
But I vow that I can't "just be glad" for those,
And I WON'T! For I've got the BLUES!

Oh, the "sunshine clubs," and this "Love-one-another,"
And "Smile-and-the-world-smiles-back."
Are beautiful things—until something or other
Just dashes you off the track.

But Faith cannot cure a sunburned nose,
Nor remove a nail from the shoes;
So I'm "taking the count"—and I'm sorry for those
Who never ENJOY the BLUES!

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LXX.

W H, Sue, whatever is the matter? Have you a fever?" exclaimed Fanny Eberhardt.

We had become so intimate by this time that we called each other by our first names.

"Why, no," I replied; "what makes you think so?"

"Your cheeks are like fire, and your eyes look so unnaturally bright," she returned.

I felt like blurring out the anger that consumed me. The picture, MY picture that I had been so proud of, banished before any one got a look at it. I'd get even with Jack if it took a lifetime, I thought, my anger at white heat.

"Where's Jack?" Harry Eberhardt asked, just as my husband came into the room. Jack's face was white as chalk in contradiction to mine, and his eyes biased.

"Here I am!" he answered for himself. I couldn't speak, could only stare at him.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened?" Fanny asked, looking from one to the other. "You both look as though there had been a tragedy!" she challenged.

"There has," Jack said, soberly. "The ruin of a person's ideals is always tragedy, isn't it?"

"But who?—what?" stammered Fanny.

"One very dear to us has signally failed the person who trusted her," Jack replied. "Now let us forget all about it and have a pleasant evening. Heaven knows I need it!"

Harry Eberhardt came manfully to the rescue by proposing to make us a cocktail.

"You poor thing!" Fanny said sympathetically. "You mustn't be so tender-hearted. As a rule, people have troubles enough of their own without making themselves sick over other people's. I'm sure I have."

"The cocktails are ready, girls," called her husband, preventing the necessity of remark.

We joined them in the dining room, and really, the cocktail Harry had mixed was delicious. After drinking it I felt a little better, and a little more courage to look at Jack, who had not glanced in my direction. I have seldom seen him so lively, so gay as he was at dinner. He joked, he laughed and told funny stories. Then after dinner, while we played bridge, his reckless mood continued. He kept us laughing all the time.

After the fifth round, the judges now announced a brief respite to allow the musicians to get their second wind, and in this recess Mr. Jarr got opportunity to whisper a brief entreaty and to slip some legal tender to Louis, the assistant head waiter.

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